

MELIKA, Home

Wanting higher up
Look at pieces
Which are not arranged
Keeping yourself unaware
Locking out my only plans
Mabye I am wrong

Despite the coming screams
Not enough to breathe
I slowly turn into someone else

Despite the coming screams?
Not enough to breathe
I slowly turn into someone else

Ref:
All the noise and hot crossed fangs
On the edge of a dream that you have
Do you feel like you've been there?
I'm not coming home again
Bite the bullet,
tug my sleeve
I'm not coming home
Let it wants me
Absorbs me
It chose me

Lights shine too tight
streets are filled
out of time
of time
Light shine shine
too tight
out of time
Light shine
too tight
out of time
I'm losing all my mind